

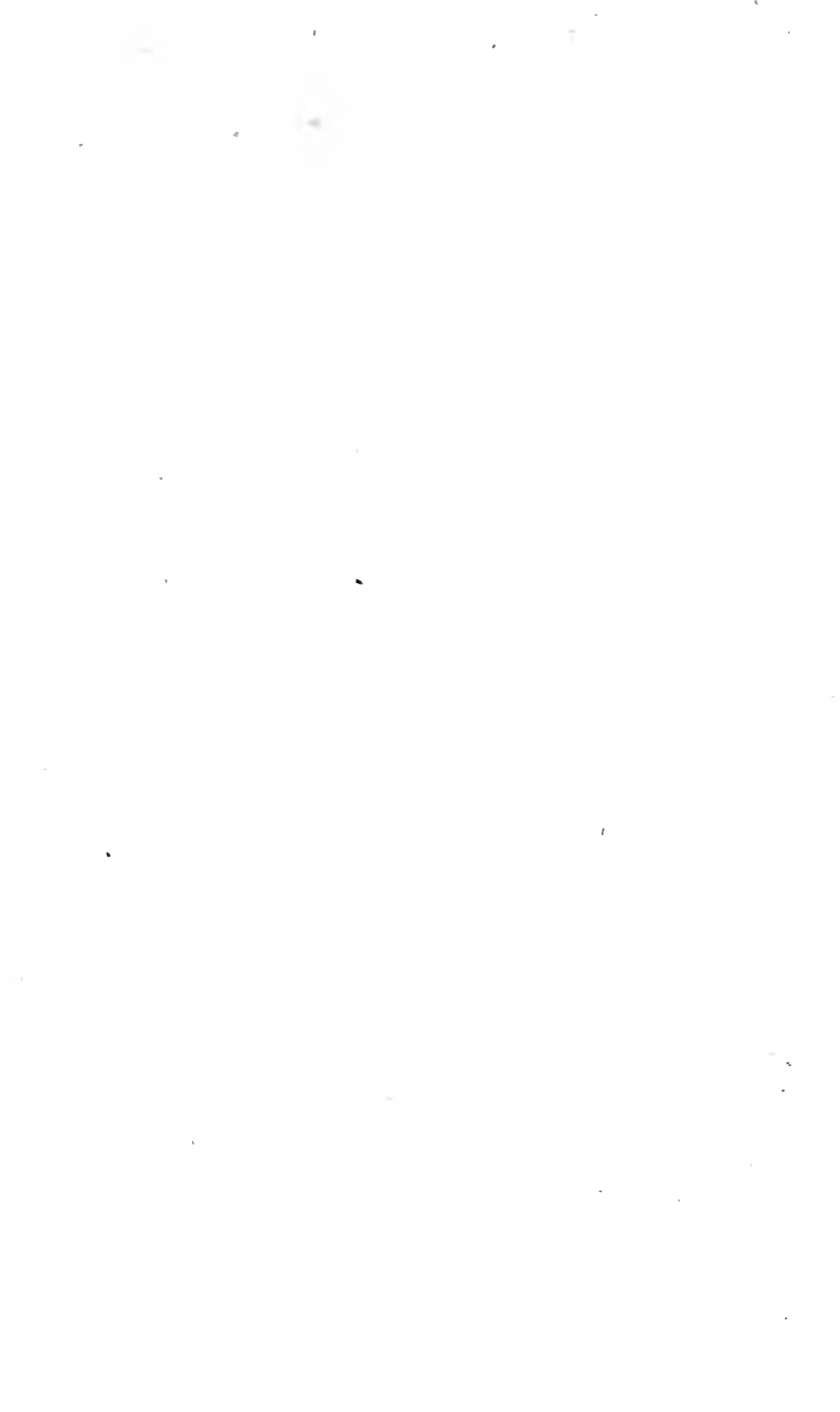
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HORÆ IONICÆ:

A POEM.

T. DAVISON, Printer,
Whitefriars, London.

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HORÆ IONICÆ:
 A POEM,
 DESCRIPTIVE OF
 THE IONIAN ISLANDS,
 AND
 PART OF THE ADJACENT COAST
 OF
 GREECE.

BY WALLER RODWELL WRIGHT, Esq.

SOMETIME HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S CONSUL-GENERAL FOR THE
 REPUBLIC OF THE SEVEN ISLANDS.

υπεκ νεφελων Ἰθάκης τ' ὄρος ἀπὺ πίφαντο
 Δωλίχιονίη Σάμῃη καὶ ὕληεσσα Ζακυνθός.

Homeri. Hymn. in Apollineum.

ὅυδ' ἔ Μωσαῖν χοροί
 Νιν ἀπεισέγησαν, ἔδ' αὖ
 Ἄ χρυσάνιος Ἀφροδίτα.

Sophocl. Œdipus Coloneus.

LONDON:
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1809.

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PREFACE.

A CONSIDERABLE number of the following lines were written amidst the scenes which they profess to describe: the rest of the Poem was completed at leisure moments, after the author's return to England, from general recollection, assisted by a few loose notes.

The author once flattered himself with the hope of presenting to the public a more extensive and interesting work upon the subject of this little State, which, emerging from the ruins of the Venetian government, scarcely survived the Treaty of Amiens, the feeble guarantee of its ephemeral existence.

The occupation of the Septinsular territory by a French force has frustrated that hope, by depriving him of such materials as he had col-

lected, together with a valuable library which he had unfortunately transported to Zante, and found no means of re-conveying to this country, and which has since been confiscated and sold as English property.

Even under these disadvantages he trusts that this little volume will not be unacceptable to the classical reader; as it faithfully records the train of reflections suggested to his own mind by such historical events or poetical descriptions as more peculiarly relate to the islands of the Ionian Sea.

He is fully aware that the general style and versification of his poem are not calculated to challenge the ordeal of severer criticism, and with this avowal he throws himself upon the candour and indulgence of the reader. At the same time, he feels it particularly necessary to apologise for one fault, of which (though unable to detect it) he is strongly induced to suspect himself, by observing, that an extensive acquaintance with the writings of the English

poets may have insensibly betrayed him into such occasional similarities of thought and expression as, without this explanation, might bear the appearance of wilful plagiarism.

HORÆ IONICÆ.

IN that dark season, when the sun declines
His southern course among the wat'ry sigus,
And icy winter, from his arctic throne,
Extends his reign o'er half the milder zone;
Clime after clime the torpid spell invades,
From Bergen's forests to Hesperia's glades;
Till, rushing o'er the Adriatic deep,
His storms invest Thessalia's rugged steep.
Here, as if nature's law restrain'd its course,
The wint'ry tempest spends its latest force:
Beyond Thesprotia's cliffs unruffled lie
A milder climate and serener sky;

Along the vales more genial breezes blow ;
 And brighter sun-beams on the mountains glow.

There was a time, when o'er these favour'd plains,
 Through wint'ry months where partial summer reigns,
 The sun of freedom cheer'd the rising day,
 And blooming science drank the vital ray.
 Now, sunk in shades of intellectual night,
 Extinct for ever is that golden light:
 Forlorn and wither'd lies the Muse's bow'r;
 For stern oppression blasts each op'ning flow'r,
 Checks in the soul each germ of heav'nly birth,
 And bows her fairest scyons to the earth ;
 While ev'ry vice to slavish fear allied
 Pollutes the heart, and chills its genial tide.

Yet in unfading bloom the scene appears,
 All glowing with the pride of distant years ;
 And still, by nature and the Muses dress'd
 Might waken rapture in a poet's breast.

E'en I, whose thriftless hand for many a day
 Had cast the half-form'd classic wreath away,
 Feel kindling ardour rush through ev'ry vein,
 And weave once more the long-forgotten strain.

Ye isles beyond the Adriatic wave!
 Whose classic shores Ionian waters lave;
 Ye plains of Greece! the Muse's ancient pride,
 Whose rising beauties crown the western tide;
 That smile beneath November's deepest gloom;
 Where April wantons in luxuriant bloom,
 No longer vocal to your native lyre,
 Forgive the daring strain your charms inspire;
 Though all unworthy of the meed ye claim,
 A meed as deathless as your ancient fame.
 For well I know, that not to me belong
 The lofty raptures of poetic song:
 My simple Muse in fancy's gilded ray
 May sport, the insect of a summer day;
 May sparkle like the dew-drop on the flow'r;
 But never please beyond the transient hour.

Yet, when the year renews its lovely prime,
 And spring, advancing from the southern clime,
 With rosy smile the infant zephyr greets,
 And bathes his tepid wing in balmy sweets,
 My heart, responsive, owns the genial glow ;
 And the wild numbers all unbidden flow.

Hail to the mountains ! round whose sacred head
 Their early pride the vernal hours have shed :
 Hail to the dryads of each hallow'd shade !
 Whose waving foliage crowns the shelter'd glade ;
 Where Scheria's* rocks the northern wave divide,
 And old Cassopo † greets the straiten'd tide ;

* Scheria, the ancient name of Corfu ; probably as seeming to restrain the waters of the Adriatic. This island was also denominated *Δρεπανον*, “ the sickle,” on account of its form, and is celebrated in Grecian mythology as the instrument of Jupiter's revenge against Saturn.

† Anciently Cassiope, situated opposite to a city of the same name on the western shore of the Grecian continent, from which it is divided only by a narrow strait. It was sacred to Jupiter, and the stream which now flows from among its ruins is traditionally reported to have had its source under the altar of his temple. It is remarkable, that Cassiope at the northern, and Sybota at the southern extremity of this island, were both nearly opposite to places on

Hail blest Phæacia ! from his dewy wing
 O'er thee Favonius sheds eternal spring :
 No chilling blast thy early harvest knows ;
 Nor bend thy groves beneath December snows.
 Alike the rising and declining year
 Dispense the varied gifts of summer here ;
 Through ev'ry season blooms the tender rose ;
 The shelter'd vi'let here for ever blows ;
 Jonquils and hyacinths their mingling dies
 Here blend with sweets unknown to colder skies.

Nor does Pomona's bounteous hand disdain
 To swell the triumphs of her sister's reign ;
 For, while the bending orange scarce can hold
 Its glowing harvest of Hesperian gold,
 The fruitful tree fresh-budding sweets adorn,
 Whose spreading blossoms drink the dews of morn ;

the continent of Greece, distinguished respectively by the same appellations. This circumstance, combined with the very short distance between the island and the main, may seem to indicate that at some distant period they were united.

And wint'ry suns, with more than vernal pow'r,
Mature the fruit and court the op'ning flow'r.

Here gushing founts and springs that never fail
Pour health and plenty through the smiling vale;
Fair smiles the vale, with myrtle hedges crown'd,
And aromatic fragrance breathes around ;
The rising hill wide-spreading olives shade,
Skirt the deep ravine, and embow'r the glade
With sober tints of never-fading green ;
While distant mountains close the varied scene,
Beyond the cultivated landscape rise,
And sternly frown amidst the cloudless skies.

Such is the spot where flows Crissida's * stream;
The peasant's solace, and the poet's theme :

* Crissida seems to be a corruption of χρυσιδωρ, "golden water." Tradition still points out this as the spot where Ulysses is said to have presented himself before Nausicaa : and Homer certainly could not have selected a situation more appropriate for such an incident.

From the cold rock her limpid fount distils ;
 A rocky bed receives the falling rills.
 'Twas here, sequester'd 'midst embow'ring shades,
 The bright Nausicaa sported with her maids,
 What time Laertes' god-like son address'd
 His tale of sorrow to her pitying breast ;
 And, as the suppliant chief his suit preferr'd,
 She gaz'd with rapture, and with wonder heard.

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Hence to the left extends a spacious plain,
 Nor rich with pastur'd herds, nor waving grain :
 There bending vines their purple pride display,
 And peaches ripen in the summer ray ;
 There swells the fig to more than common size,
 And various fruits in rich succession rise :
 No chilly blasts the tender germ assail,
 By mountains shelter'd from each ruder gale ;
 The rip'ning fruits no blasting mildews fear,
 Nor fails the vernal promise of the year.

Oft for these shades *, where nature reigns alone,
 Would great Alcinous quit his regal throne ;
 And these the scenes whose beauties could inspire
 The mighty father of the Grecian lyre :
 Nor still the monarch nor the muse they wrong,
 But smile in nature as they bloom in song.

Far to the right, as from Crissida's source
 I trace the Naiad through her devious course,
 O'er the declining hills, in prospect new,
 The distant ocean bursts upon my view.
 There stands, for ever rooted in the sea,
 The monument of Neptune's stern decree †,

* It is impossible for any one, who traverses the shores of the old harbour with the *Odyssey* in his recollection, to doubt the personal acquaintance of Homer with the scenery of Corfu, or to hesitate in assigning the garden of Alcinous to the spot here described, which lies at the western extremity of the harbour, and is still exclusively devoted to the same sort of culture.

† The ship of Ulysses, as it is still denominated, is another convincing proof that the Phæacia of Homer was not merely a picture of his imagination. The situation of this little rock, in the

Whose rugged lines a ship's rude semblance keep;
 And still it seems to plough the foaming deep,
 Just at the point, where parting rocks divide,
 And yield reluctant entrance to the tide.
 The curving shores on either side give place,
 And fold the waters in their wide embrace;
 A beauteous lake the spreading waters form,
 Secure from winds, impervious to the storm.

Here once, proud isle! thy conquering navies rode,
 And wealth and trade in plenteous current flow'd:
 E'en now, in thought, I see the busy strand
 Throng'd with the merchants of each distant land;
 With fancy's eye thy wide bazars behold,
 Enrich'd with Persia's silk, and Afric's gold;
 Thy fleets, that waft Arabia's balmy spoil,
 Or bear to foreign shores thy native oil.

midst of the narrow channel which forms the entrance of the old harbour, suggests most naturally, the idea of a vessel arrested at the moment when she is entering the port: and its size and appearance are by no means incongruous with this poetical metamorphosis. *Odys. Lib. xiii.*

The bright illusion clothes yon eastern height,
 And palaces and temples meet my sight :
 There, seated on the cliff's impending brow,
 Thy citadel commands the port below ;
 With conscious pride o'erlooks the subject plain,
 And frowns indignant on the prostrate main.

The spell dissolves ! nor can my searching eye
 One relic of thy former pomp descry :
 Save, that yon rising bank of olive shows
 Where once the stately theatre arose *.
 Thine ancient harbour chok'd with rising sand,
 No footstep marks the solitary strand ;
 While finny shoals through desert waters stray,
 And sea-gulls hover o'er their destin'd prey.

* The area of this theatre, which may be distinctly traced, is the only relic of genuine antiquity in the spot where Corcyra stood, and which is still called Palæopoli. Fragments of columns and extensive foundations are frequently discovered among the gardens which at present occupy this site, but nothing sufficiently perfect to lead to even a probable conjecture of its former destination. A large basilicon, of the date of the emperor Jovian, still remains entire ; and in another church, of still more recent foundation, are preserved a few columns of verde antique and other valuable marbles.

Far from the dreary scene mine eye retires
 To Corfu's distant walls, and rising spires :
 Where, springing from the ocean's rocky bed,
 Isthone * sternly lifts her tow'ring head.
 Rever'd for ever be Isthone's name,
 To valour sacred, nor unknown to fame;
 Since on her rugged brow, in honour's cause,
 The noble guardians of Corcyra's laws
 Their last despairing effort bravely tried,
 And strove, in vain, to stem rebellion's tide.

When civil discord scourg'd the suff'ring land,
 And mad sedition rais'd her flaming brand ;

* Isthone, the lofty and extensive mountain which now bears the name of St. Salvador.

In the account of the Corcyrean sedition which follows, I have endeavoured to adhere, as closely as possible, to the narrative of Thucydides. It is almost unnecessary to remind the reader, that Corcyra was a Corinthian colony, and that this formidable sedition, which broke out in the first year of the 85th Olympiad (B. C. 439) was the cause of the great Peloponnesian war.

See *Thucydides*, Lib. β.

Whilst blood-stain'd anarchy, with furious yell,
 Rush'd forth, like Atè from the depths of hell;
 And Corinth, vainly seeking to assuage
 Her offspring's strife, provok'd their impious rage;
 Corecra fiercely turn'd, with rebel hate,
 Her guilty arms against the parent state.
 Athenian wiles her factious councils sway'd,
 Athenian arms supplied insidious aid;
 Till injur'd Corinth mourn'd her vanquish'd fleet,
 And saw Corecra at her rival's feet.

Meanwhile, the noble and illustrious few
 In faith unshaken, and to honour true,
 Were sternly doom'd on foreign shores to know
 A wretched life of penury and woe.

But, ah! can distance quench the patriot's flame?
 Or wrongs efface a bleeding country's claim?
 How vain the thought! Where'er those footsteps stray
 That bear him from his native land away,

Indignant though the exile quit his home,
 And, like Camillus, curse ungrateful Rome,
 Some kindred scene will meet his tearful eyes,
 Some sad remembrance in his bosom rise :
 His heart still melting, as he still recedes,
 Forgets its wrongs, and for its country bleeds.

Thus, many a year, where Achelöus guides
 His turbid wave, or mild Eurotas glides,
 With pensive step the joyless exiles rov'd,
 And fondly linger'd near the spot they lov'd.
 At length, indignant, they collect their pow'rs,
 Where old Buthrotum * rears her warlike tow'rs.
 Ill-fated warriors! soon the eastern gale
 With unpropitious breezes fills your sail;
 And, as it wafts you to your native home,
 But speeds your passage to the destin'd tomb.

* Now called Bucintro, a small town and fortress, formerly subject to the Venetians, but now to the Pacha of Joannina; situated nearly opposite to the foot of St. Salvador

And now, restor'd to lov'd Corcyra's strand,
 Array'd in martial pride I see them stand,
 While pensive courage gleams from ev'ry eye;
 Too few to conquer, yet resolv'd to die.
 Long, 'midst the ruins of their falling state,
 I mark the heroes struggling with their fate;
 I view them on Isthone's rocky height,
 From cliff to cliff renew the doubtful fight;
 Till parch'd with thirst, by want and famine press'd,
 Fainting with wounds, and unrestor'd by rest,
 Their nerveless arms no more the falchion wield,
 They sink exhausted, and, despairing, yield.

Reckless of life, whose ev'ry charm was past,
 As wither'd oaks defy the stormy blast,
 The vanquish'd chiefs, superior to their fate,
 In Ptichia's isle * their final doom await;

* This beautiful little island, now called *Scoglio di Vido*, lies in the harbour, and opposite to the city of Corfu, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the shore. It was highly cultivated, and covered with vineyards and olive groves before the year 1800, when the French destroyed the plantations, and reduced it to a barren waste.

While thirst of blood inflames the madd'ning crowd,
 Fir'd with revenge, of guilty conquest proud.

Oh, mercy! dearest attribute of heav'n!
 Best pledge of hope, for mortal solace giv'n!
 Thou great prerogative of godlike souls!
 Whose gen'rous fire thy soothing spell controuls;
 In noble breasts thy pure emotions live,
 Alone who know to pity and forgive:
 But when plebeian rage, in evil hour,
 With step profane invades the throne of pow'r,
 Unheard thy voice, unmark'd thy pleading tears,
 Urg'd by his hate, and counsell'd by his fears,
 The iron despot tracks his path with blood,
 And proudly tramples on the great and good.

Yet, though the voice of pity seldom charms
 The rebel's vengeance, or his fear disarms,
 The victor's fierce intent seem'd half subdu'd,
 As sons for sires, for brothers brothers su'd:

Insidious Athens saw with jealous eyes
 The tender conflict in their bosoms rise;
 Nor blush'd her destin'd conquest to secure
 By arts too treach'rous, and, alas! too sure *.

Deluded victims! whither would ye fly
 While treason lurks, and vengeance hovers nigh?
 The fiends that prompt your flight your steps betray,
 And ruthless faction seizes on its prey!
 Here let the Muse in pity drop the veil,
 Nor paint the sequel of the horrid tale:
 Nor tell how, 'midst her sons funereal fires
 Coreyra's ancient liberty expires.

* Ξυνηλάβοντο δὲ τῷ τέλει αὐτῶν ἡκιστα, ὥστε ἀκριβῆ τὴν προφασιν γενέσθαι, καὶ τὰς τεχνησαμένους ἀδείσαντες ἐγχεῖν, οἱ στρατηγοὶ τῶν Ἀθηναίων, κατὰ δόλον ὄντες τὰς ἀνέρας μὴ ἀν βάλειν, ὑπὸ ἄλλων κομισθέντας, διότι αὐτοὶ ἐς Σικελίαν ἔπλεον τὴν τιμὴν τοῖς ἀγασσι προὔποιοντες. This passage from the narrative of an Athenian writer is, I conceive, a satisfactory demonstration of the part which his countrymen took in this affair: their political motives are too evident to require any comment.

Thucyd. β. 47. Hudson's Edition.

Fain would her hand your tombs with laurel crown,
 Martyrs of honour! victims of renown!
 Hence, though by heav'n untaught the hero's name
 To blazon in the deathless rolls of fame,
 With conscious pride her feeble lyre she strung
 To deeds, which nobler bards have left unsung.

Nor less their fame, who from their native coast
 In later times repell'd th' invading host;
 And, from yon triple rampart's * iron brow,
 Hurl'd proud defiance on th' assailing foe,
 What time the Ottoman, with ruthless force,
 Like wintry torrents in their wildest course,

* Corfu is defended by two citadels and a triple chain of fortifications towards the land side. These works, which are perforated in every direction with covered galleries, and considered by some as equal to those of Malta, were, for the most part, constructed previously to the siege of this city by the Turkish force, which was commenced immediately after the termination of that of Candia, A. D. 1645, and raised about five years afterwards with considerable loss on the part of the assailants. The vigorous resistance that the Turks experienced before Corfu gave an effectual check to the progress of their arms, which had at that time spread so great an alarm throughout Christendom.

On Europe pour'd the deluge of his arms,
 And fill'd the Christian world with dire alarms.
 From Candia's tow'rs, in Christian slaughter dy'd,
 Whose bulwarks long the infidel defied;
 Still breathing vengeance, and imbru'd with gore,
 He sought, Corcyra! thy devoted shore;
 Full on thy coast his squadrons urg'd their way,
 And deem'd thy fertile plains an easy prey:
 But deem'd in vain. From each surrounding land
 The champions of the cross, a dauntless band,
 With grief recalling Candia's fatal plain,
 Their faith insulted, and their brethren slain,
 Their sacred banners to the wind display'd,
 And * nations rush'd impetuous to thine aid;
 From where Otranto's rugged cliffs arise,
 And the wild Apennine supports the skies;

* At the siege of Corfu, as at that of Candia, the Venetian armies were strongly reinforced by volunteers from every part of Christendom, and more particularly from the Italian, Austrian, and Hungarian states.

Or where Liguria, thron'd in wealthy pride,
 Sees at her feet the stream of commerce glide;
 From genial climes, and scenes for ever gay,
 Where blest Etruria courts the summer ray;
 Or soft Neapolis the sense invites
 To varied joys, and ever new delights;
 From damp Ravenna, and the mouths of Po;
 From plains where Tibur's classic waters flow;
 From Brenta's bank, and Padua's learned bow'rs;
 Verona's palaces, and Mantua's tow'rs;
 But chief, from where encircling waters lave
 The mistress of the Adriatic wave.

Around her banners throng'd, from ev'ry side,
 Temeswar's chiefs, and Austria's warlike pride;
 And bleak Dalmatia pour'd her hardy swarms,
 And fierce Sclavonia call'd her sons to arms.

For Venice, erst impatient that a stain
 Should dim the glories of her ancient reign,

Conspicuous shone in deeds of warlike fame,
 Beneath the shelter of her pow'rful name;
 Whilst tributary nations dwelt in peace,
 And Rome's proud daughter rul'd the sons of Greece.

Nor less the foe; whose arms had borne away
 The bloody palm of many a well fought day:
 No more to conquer. Fain the Muse would tell
 Beneath whose arm their bravest leaders fell:
 But dark oblivion shrouds each glorious name,
 And fate, which crown'd their valour, wrongs their fame.

Let Europe, with exulting voice, record
 The final triumph of the Christian sword;
 How, still display'd, the winged lion flew
 Victorious o'er the rampart of Corfu:
 While the fierce Saracen, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
 Despairing fled, and curs'd the Christian name.

Sweet was the season, and the vernal breeze
 Play'd o'er the surface of the rippling seas,

When from Corcyra's hospitable shore
 Our little bark for fair Zacynthus bore :
 And fancy yet reviews, with fond delight,
 Each classic scene that met the raptur'd sight;
 Full oft recalling, as we sail'd along,
 'The hero's glory, or the poet's song.

Onward we sail: no longer now we view
 The less'ning spires and ramparts of Corfu:
 Along the bending shore our course we wind,
 And leave Buthrotum's ancient tow'rs behind:
 And soon, Alefkimo *! before our eyes,
 Like fleecy clouds thy whit'ning cliffs arise;
 Where, on the summit of the lofty mound
 That southward marks Corcyra's utmost bound,
 What time her sons the wreath of conquest bore
 From vanquish'd Corinth, near thy fatal shore,
 They rear'd, with hands in kindred slaughter dy'd,
 A trophied witness of their impious pride.

* Alefkimo, anciently λευκιμνη, from the whiteness of its cliffs; is the southern promontory of Corfu, and gives name to one of the four divisions of the island.

Full on the right, embower'd in olive shades,
 Paxu displays her yet uncultur'd glades:
 Few are her sons; for though the grateful soil
 With ample store repays the peasant's toil,
 Blest with whate'er a genial clime supplies,
 Remote from human intercourse it lies;
 And few there are will quit the hardest lot
 To fix their dwelling in a desert spot.

By Paxu's shores (thus ancient legends say *)
 As once a Grecian vessel held her way,
 Steering her course for fair Hesperia's land,
 Becalm'd she lay beside this desert strand.

* This legendary tale may be found more at length in Plutarch's Treatise de Defectu Oraculorum. I have interwoven it here, as being the only remarkable mention of this little island which I have been able to discover

Plut. de Defect. Orac. c. 17. Edit. Hutten.

This passage is also alluded to by Milton, in his Hymn on the Nativity.

“ The lonely mountains o'er
 And the resounding shore
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament.”

Dark was the night, and stillness reign'd around;
 When, from the shore, a more than mortal sound
 The trembling steersman by his name address'd,
 And spoke in accents wild its sad behest.

“ Hence to the west thy destin'd course pursue,
 And as Palodes rises to thy view,
 Say to the Dryads of her woody shore
 That Pan, the great, the pow'rful is no more!”

Awe-struck, the mariner his course pursu'd,
 And when his vessel near'd the sacred wood,
 In order due invok'd the Dryad train,
 And, as enjoin'd, rehears'd the mystic strain;
 When, from each haunted shade and cavern'd dell,
 Loud piercing shrieks and notes of sorrow swell;
 Wild strains of anguish load the rising gale,
 That now, propitious, fills his bended sail:
 With haste he spreads his canvas to the wind,
 And joys to leave the fearful coast behind.

Mark on the eastern shore where Parga * lies,
 And Sulli's † crags in distant prospect rise;
 The last of ancient Greeks, unknown to fame,
 Her sons preserv'd th' unconquerable flame
 That erst on freedom's sacred altar glow'd:
 Though scant the pittance which their rocks bestow'd,
 Content they toil'd; and, dauntless, fought and bled,
 To guard the spot that scarce supplied them bread.
 Full many a year against the tyrant's might,
 Her warlike band prolong'd th' unequal fight;

* Parga is one of those little maritime towns on the western coast of Greece, which having been subject to the republic of Venice, on the dissolution of that government retained some peculiar privileges: one of the most valuable of these is an exemption from the jurisdiction of the Pacha of Joannina.

† Of the origin and history of the several wars maintained by the Sulliotcs against the Pacha of Joannina, previously to the year 1802, an account is given in Eaton's Survey of the Turkish Empire. The war, which terminated in the expulsion of this warlike race from their native mountains, ended in 1803; when 1500 souls, being the whole of that population which had so long resisted the forces of the Pachalic, evacuated their barren territory by capitulation. I saw many of them afterwards at Corfu in company with a friend, who was much struck with the resemblance of their general appearance and manners to those of the savage tribes of North America.

A race of vet'ran chiefs, who scorn'd to yield;
 And matrons * foremost in the carnag'd field.
 Inur'd to slaughter, stratagem, and spoil,
 The charge impetuous, and the ambush'd wile,
 By day the bloody conflict they sustain,
 In midnight forage scour the ravag'd plain;
 Unconquer'd still had all their chiefs been true;
 But treason did what arms could never do.

From a deep ravine on the mountain's side
 One little stream † their simple wants supplied:
 A mercenary slave, in evil hour,
 Betray'd its barrier to the tyrant's pow'r.

* Among the Sulliot warriors were many females, one of these named *xuθw*, had eminently distinguished herself on many occasions.

† The greatest mark of distinction in the little republic of Sulli was the precedence given at this fountain to the women whose husbands had signalized their valour by any memorable action, when they came with the rest to take their daily supply of water; while, on the contrary, the female relatives of those who had failed in their duty were loaded with reproach and contumely.

Long were to tell how, faint with thirst and toil,
 They pluck'd the scanty herbage of their soil *,
 And press'd from each its crude and bitter store,
 Till fev'rish nature could endure no more:
 And long and painful were the task to say
 What desp'rate valour mark'd the fatal day,
 When, from their native rocks compell'd to go,
 They linger'd still, regardless of the foe;
 While many a warrior chief, unus'd to fear,
 Subdu'd by anguish, wip'd the parting tear;
 And clasp'd his babes, and cheer'd his drooping wife,
 For whom alone he deign'd to value life;
 But envied those, more obstinately brave,
 Who in their country's bosom found a grave.

Where Previsa † extends her small domain,
 And boasts her freedom from the tyrant's chain,

* The fact here related I heard from authority which I have every reason to credit.

† Previsa is an ancient maritime city, surrounded by a small, but fertile territory, and, like Parga, exempted from the jurisdiction of the Pachalic of Joannina.

Awhile we rest; and, greeting with a sigh
 The last remains of Grecian liberty,
 Anticipate the sure-revolving hour
 When thou, fair Island-queen! reft of thy pow'r
 (That pow'r which vengeance on th' oppressor hurl'd,
 And spread its ægis o'er a trembling world)
 Must prostrate lie; and kindred souls shall pay
 A kindred homage to thy setting ray.
 For in that hour—Oh, distant be its date!—
 When thou, like Greece, must own the pow'r of fate,
 Thy name in glory's annals shall be found
 With arts and arms and free-born virtues crown'd:
 And while pure honour's unpolluted flame
 Beyond her praise shall consecrate thy fame,
 A brighter track thy ev'ning sun shall fire,
 Nor sink in night till time itself expire.

But whither strays my thought? This classic shore
 Recalls the strain to themes of ancient lore.
 Behold yon ruins, sacred to the brave
 That triumph'd on Ambracia's blood-stain'd wave!

There spreads the op'ning bay in prospect wide,
 And Arta's gulph * receives the rushing tide—
 Arta, whose waves beheld the fated hour
 That tore from Anthony the wreath of pow'r—
 Where Actium proudly rears her trophied head,
 Octavius triumph'd, and his rival fled.
 He who, unmov'd, the work of death had view'd,
 With eager haste his trembling love pursu'd;
 Resign'd the glorious prize for which he strove;
 For empire fought, and was subdu'd by love.

Now, through the limits of the spacious plain
 That parts her waters from th' Ionian main,
 Nicopolis †, majestic in decay,
 Records the triumphs of that fatal day.

* Arta, anciently Sinus Ambracius, lies to the south-east of Previsa, and to the south of Nicopolis, being divided from the sea by a plain of about a mile in width, on which that city was built. At its entrance from the bay of Previsa lies a bar, on which the water is extremely shallow. It is surrounded by very noble and extensive forests: the French had once an establishment at Previsa for the purpose of providing timber for their navy.

† The magnificent ruins of this city, founded by Augustus in honour of the victory of Actium, are extensive and striking, reach-

In pensive thought I trac'd on ev'ry side
 Some mighty vestige of her ancient pride:
 Her ruin'd arches, and her mould'ring fanes;
 Her palaces, where desolation reigns;
 Her circus, now with tangled bushes crown'd;
 And either theatre's capacious round;
 This with full streams of wanton carnage stain'd,
 That where in scenic pomp the Muses reign'd,
 As savage humour sway'd, or arts combin'd,
 To steel the heart, or humanize the mind.
 Here, oft as wintry storms impending low'r
 And o'er the plain their gather'd deluge pour,
 The needy peasant rakes the loosen'd soil,
 And for the trav'ler gleans some ancient spoil:

ing from the gulph of Arta to the Ionian sea, and covering both sides of the valley, into which the plain subsides by a gentle declivity. The principal objects of curiosity are, the remains of a triumphal arch; the imperial palace and baths; the vestiges of some ruined temples; two theatres, one of which appears to have been constructed for the purpose of an amphitheatre, both very perfect; and the grassy bank, which correctly marks out the boundary of the Circus.

Of date and worth alike to him unknown
Th' historic medal, or the sculptur'd stone.

Lo! next, where Acarnania's shores extend,
Leucate's * pale and broken rocks ascend.
Ah, fatal scene! by Venus doom'd to prove
The last sad refuge of despairing love,
For ever sacred be the foaming tide
That breaks against thy hoarse resounding side.
What though thy long forsaken steep retain
No mould'ring vestige of its marble fane,
Yet shall thy cliffs derive eternal fame
From Sappho's plaintive verse, and hapless flame.

Now to the south our devious course we steer,
Where wild Theachia's † naked hills appear:

* *Hodie Santa Maura*. It was anciently joined to the continent of Greece by an Isthmus, now overflowed by the sea, and forming a marshy and shallow laguna. The castle, which is insulated and a place of great strength, is joined to the city by an aqueduct supported on low arches.

† Theachia, or Val di Compare, seems fully to justify the con-

Behold the land, all desart as it lies,
 That own'd the rule of Ithacus the wise;
 The barren isle, to gain whose arid shore
 The dire extreme of Neptune's wrath he bore.

Thou sterile spot! where are those secret charms
 Which lur'd the chief from Circe's wanton arms;
 From fair Ogygia's lovely glades to fly,
 And quit Phæacia's ever smiling sky?

'Twas duty's call that urg'd his vent'rous course,
 With wisdom arm'd his mind, his nerves with force;
 Taught him to mock at peril and at toil,
 So he might reach once more his native soil;
 With the fair meed of her unspotted truth
 To crown the widow'd partner of his youth;
 And to his wife, his son, his people prove,
 A husband's, father's, and a monarch's love.

temptuous epithets by which the ancient Ithaca is commonly distinguished.

For this the Muse prepar'd his bright reward,
 And with his praise inspir'd the sightless bard,
 Whose strain o'er each inglorious mountain's head
 The golden light of poesy has shed ;
 Pour'd through each rugged dell a magic glow,
 And bid each stream in hallow'd murmurs flow.

Phorcys! with awe we hail thy wild abodes*,
 The haunt of Nereids, and retreat of Gods.
 With fancy's eye we view where sleeping lies
 The mighty chief; and mark the wild surprise
 With which his waking glance around he throws,
 Nor Ithaca, his long-lost country knows;
 Till, lo! the blue-eyed goddess stands confest
 In martial pride, and calms his doubts to rest;
 And points where Arethusa's gelid tide
 Wild gushes from the mountain's cavern'd side;
 And Korax* headlong from his woody steep
 Flings the black torrent to the briny deep.

* Odyssey, Lib. XIII.

† The Coracian rock is situated about the south-east point of

Still, as our destin'd voyage we pursue,
 Majestic Neritus arrests our view :
 No longer, darkly crown'd with sacred wood,
 His venerable shades o'erhang the flood,
 Nor waving forests court the western gale,
 Nor shelter'd flow'rs their fragrant sweets exhale ;
 But, rudely spoil'd by sacrilegious hands,
 In desolated pride the mountain stands.
 Now, scorch'd beneath the summer's piercing beam,
 His arid cliffs reflect the sultry gleam ;
 Or down his sides wild wint'ry torrents spread,
 And chilling snows invest his barren head.

Hard by these shores, stern Cephalonia braves
 The beating storm and ever restless waves :

Ithaca, and rises to a considerable height above the sea, into which
 a heavy torrent falls almost perpendicularly, from an eminence near
 the summit of the mountain.

When I anchored under it on the 18th June, 1805, the channel
 was nearly dry, yet the appearance of its bed perfectly justified the
 appellation of *Μεγάλη*.

In awful state erects her rugged brow,
 Where mountain plants in wild profusion grow ;
 And each new aspect of the changing skies
 Sees blooming sweets in quick succession rise:
 Around her wreathed head fresh breezes play,
 And wint'ry gales dispense the breath of May ;
 Whilst, hardy as the rocks that bound their isle,
 Her vent'rous sons, inur'd to ceaseless toil,
 Or brave the deep, or force the rugged plain
 To yield reluctant crops of golden grain ;
 And from the mountain's side the cultur'd vine
 Pours its autumnal flood of racy wine.

The hunter youth, whose too unerring dart
 With aim unconscious pierc'd the giver's heart,
 In mournful exile sought this desert strand,
 And hither led a small, but chosen band :
 That chosen band a pow'rful host became,
 Then form'd a state, and bore their founder's name.

Succeeding ages saw the sceptre grace
 The princes of the Ithacensian * race:
 When from their hands the sceptre pass'd away,
 Four rival cities held divided sway.

Samè †, that long the Roman pow'r defied,
 In ruin'd state o'erhangs the western tide,
 To us unseen; as by the eastern shore
 Advancing slow we ply the lab'ring oar,
 And mark the cliffs where distant Cranaè stood,
 Or nearer Proni overlook'd the flood.
 Then by Palæa's southern cape we steer,
 Whose craggy steep Ionian pilots fear,

* Homer invariably enumerates Cephalonia among the dominions subject to Ulysses, which indeed, from the catalogue of ships in the second book of the *Iliad*, appear to have included the coast of Epirus, and the whole cluster of little islands between that coast and Cephalonia.

† Under Marcus Fulvius, A. U. C. 563, and see Livy, b. 30. c. 29. In the collocation of the other three cities I have been principally guided by conjecture, and have followed the authority of the map in Patrick's *Cellarius*. It is said, that at the southern point of the island the ruins of a city are discernible in very clear weather beneath the water, probably the site of Palæa.

And o'er the stern the votive off'ring cast *,
To soothe the spirit of the stormy blast.

And now, emerging from the straits that wind
Through many an isle, by rocky shoals confin'd,
Once more we launch upon th' Ionian main,
And spread our sails the fresh'ning breeze to gain.

Welcome, Zacynthus, welcome are thy shades,
Thy vine-clad hills, and deep sequester'd glades!
Soft are the gales that o'er thy bosom stray,
And mild the beams that on thy mountains play.
What though no spreading oak or lofty plane †
Here mark the honours of the Sylvan reign!

* Among the crags in this part of the island I remarked one having somewhat of a coarse resemblance to a human form, on the head of which were hung some withered garlands: in this place the boatmen flung overboard some fruit, onions, and other vegetables, as a sort of superstitious offering. My attendant, who ridiculed this practice, was soon after actively employed in pouring a libation of wine to San Nicola, *per darci buon vento*.

† *Τημεσσα*, is an epithet no longer applicable to the island of Zante, which, though covered with plantations of olives, produces

With rapture we survey thy humbler groves,
 Still bending as the changeful Zephyr moves.
 By Acroteria's * steep we pass along,
 Whose echoing cliffs repeat the boatman's song;
 Then to our destin'd station bear away,
 And moor our vessel in the shelter'd bay.

Sure 'tis enchantment bids the prospect rise †,
 Like some bright fairy vision, to my eyes:
 On ev'ry side what varied beauty charms!
 Here the throng'd city spreads her crescent arms;

no sort of timber or even a thicket, except the oleaster grove on Scopo, and a small copse of pollards and brushwood near the point of Basilico.

* Acroteria is the name given to a range of lofty cliffs that extend from the northern extremity of the city of Zante, and are terminated by a convent and well, called *ἁγία νερά*, from which the city and shipping in the bay are supplied with "fresh water," the signification of the name in the modern Greek.

† It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the beautiful effect produced by the first sight of this charming bay, which would furnish a most interesting subject for the pencil. I have frequently heard it admired as a miniature representation of the Bay of Naples, with the difference, that the mountain of Scopo, the humble representative of Vesuvius, rises on the left instead of the right. Of the similarity I am unable to judge, as I have never visited Naples.

To her white bosom woos the swelling tide,
 And rises on the mountain's shelvy side;
 Around whose brow in ruin'd grandeur frown
 The hoary honours of his mural crown *,
 As proudly conscious of the glorious day
 When Dion marshall'd here his small array,
 With patriot ardour fir'd the dauntless band,
 And led them forth to free his native land.

Where to the right extends the level shore,
 And rippling surges break with fainter roar,
 From yonder turret through the yielding air
 The echoing bell sends forth the call of pray'r.
 Hail to the sacred spot †, whose bosom gave,
 Immortal Tully, thine inglorious grave!

* The castle of Zante, situated on a lofty eminence behind the present town, is now in a ruinous state and nearly deserted, on account of the particular violence with which it is affected by the frequent earthquakes to which this island is subject. It is of great extent, and was undoubtedly the site of the ancient Zacynthus, thence called Alta Zacynthus. Plutarch relates, that in this place Dion reviewed his troops previously to his successful attack upon the tyrant of Syracuse.

† Remondini, a Catholic bishop of Zante who published a

Yet why inglorious? Though no mortal guest
 Sigh'd o'er thy turf, or bade thine ashes rest,
 While undistinguish'd here thy relics slept,
 Beside thine humble grave the Muses wept;
 In heav'nly strains thy hallow'd requiem sung;
 And o'er thy tomb the votive chaplet flung;
 By fancy wreath'd, with flow'rs of brightest hue,
 Yet freshly glist'ning with Castalian dew,
 And mingled ivy-buds in clusters brown,
 And virtue's palm, and wisdom's olive crown.

brief account of this island in Latin about the middle of the 17th century, relates, that in digging for the foundation of the Latin church and convent dedicated to Santa Mara della Grazia, A. D. 1550, a stone was discovered with the following inscription: M. T. CICERO. HAVE. ET. TU. TERTIA. ANTONIA.: beneath were found two urns, the larger of which, containing ashes, was inscribed at the bottom with the words MAR. TUL. CIC. in a circle: the other was a lacrymatory. In the abovementioned history, the forms of the stone and of the vases are delineated, and the author has attempted, with much plausibility, to support the authenticity of the monument; after all, if the story should be considered as somewhat apocryphal, it does not appear to me to exceed the limits of poetic licence.

Now to the left I trace the curving strand,
 Where foaming waters beat the golden sand,
 And nature's bounty sheds profusely round
 Each varied beauty o'er th' unequal ground;
 The deep worn channel of the mountain rill,
 The blooming garden, and the cultur'd hill,
 And, rising o'er the shades of mingled green,
 The convent's spire, in fainter distance seen:
 While, tow'ring far above their little state
 Scopò *, with conscious majesty elate,

* Scopò is celebrated for a fine Greek church and monastery now fallen to decay, wherein is preserved a picture of the Blessed Virgin, supposed to be endowed with miraculous powers. Near this spot is a small thicket of venerable oleasters, probably on the site of that ancient grove, in which, according to tradition, stood a temple of Diana, to whom, in conjunction with her twin brother, this island was dedicated. Another temple of this goddess appears to have been situated at Melinadò. In the church of that village are still to be seen a number of granite columns, with plinths and Ionic capitals of white marble. A stone of grey marble, about three feet square and a foot and half in thickness, now forms the altar table of this church, on the edge of which is inscribed :

ΑΡΧΙΚΛΗΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΜΕΝΕΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΑΚΙΔΑΜΑ ΑΡΧΙΚΛΕΟΣ ΚΛΑΝΗΠΠΑΝ
 ΤΑΝ ΑΤΤΩΝ ΨΥΓΑΤΕΡΑ ΘΕΟΚΟΛΗΣΑΣΑΝ ΑΡΤΕΜΙΤΙ ΟΠΙΤΑΙΤΙ.

Lifts to the skies his consecrated head,
 Where still the pilgrim bends with holy dread;
 And to the Virgin pours the votive strain,
 'Mid shades that once confess'd Diana's reign.

Ye lovely scenes, that bloom for ever fair,
 And cheer with transient smile the gloom of care,
 Too soon, alas! the charms which ye dispense,
 In languid dulness pall upon the sense:
 For not Hesperia's clime where brightest glows
 The vernal sun and mildest Zephyr blows,
 Not all her native charms, her classic pride,
 The pomp of art or pleasure's giddy tide,
 Can soothe his breast whom Fate has doom'd to stray
 Far from his friends and native land away;
 Whose heart unchang'd, where'er his footsteps rove,
 Springs to the centre of its former love.

An exile thus from scenes of youthful joy,
 What solace shall my ling'ring hours employ?

Fair queen of Wisdom! let thy spirit quell
 The anxious thoughts that in my bosom swell,
 The paths of science teach me to explore,
 And oft revolve the page of classic lore!
 And thou, bright Fancy! wilt thou sometimes deign
 To guide my wand'rings and inspire my strain,
 As oft I rove in wildly-pensive mood
 Beside the margin of the restless flood,
 Or idly seek with some incondite lay
 To cheer the irksome solitary day?

Led by thine hand beside yon rustic seat
 Where tangled olives form a cool retreat *,
 Through the green shade where ev'ning breezes play
 Oft have I linger'd at the close of day,

* If this poem should fall into the hands of any persons who are acquainted with the Ionian Islands, I flatter myself they will easily recognise in these features the beautiful view of the plain of Zante from the olive seat, near the villa of my much esteemed friend Mr. Samuel Strani.

To mark the length'ning shadows as they fell,
And listen to the convent's vesper bell.
There, while mine eye the cultur'd plain surveys,
And o'er the wide expanse of waters strays,
I feel, as nature slowly sinks to rest,
A charm resistless soothe my anxious breast.

I love to mark the sun's descending beam
Cast o'er the western hills its parting gleam;
And watch the varied tints of doubtful light,
By soft gradations melting from the sight.

Fast spreads the gloom; no longer to the view
The waving olive shifts its varying hue;
The orange and her paler sister fade,
Involv'd alike in undistinguish'd shade;
Sweet are their odours still, but dimly seen
Their mingled fruits and flow'rs and vivid green:
Alone unchang'd the cypress yet remains,
And still her colour as her form retains.

Now, gently stealing on the yielding sense,
 Soft breathing gales their gather'd sweets dispense
 From thousand aromatic plants, that grow
 In wild luxuriance on the mountain's brow;
 From cultur'd fields, where blooms the early vine,
 And embryo blossoms swell with future wine;
 But chiefly thence, where, clad in vernal bloom,
 The grape of Corinth * sheds its rich perfume.
 Still is the landscape; nature sleeps around;
 All motion dead, and hush'd is ev'ry sound;
 Save where the unyok'd heifer roams at large,
 Or the rude goatherd tends his wand'ring charge;
 And, as their bleatings faintly strike my ear,
 In mingled notes the herdsman's strain I hear,

* The currant or grape of Corinth is the staple commodity of Zante, that island being almost exclusively devoted to its culture, insomuch that it does not supply one fourth part of the corn necessary for the support of its population. The annual export of this article amounts on an average to 8,000,000*lbs.* Cephalonia and the Morea jointly furnish about the same quantity: the greater part of this article is consumed in Great Britain.

List'ning his carol, as in uncouth rhymes
 He sings * the warlike deeds of other times;
 Or wildly modulates to simple lays
 His reed †—the Doric reed of ancient days.

At this still hour, when peace and silence reign,
 Remembrance wakes the sadly-pleasing strain

* The modern Greeks still retain a variety of traditional stories, which they derive from classical antiquity; their national dance they pretend had its origin in the days of Theseus, and consider it as emblematical of that hero's adventures in the labyrinth; and the strain which accompanies it, is said to be the lamentation of Ariadne, when deserted by him at Naxos. See the interesting work of M. Guys. I once observed a circle of Albanian soldiers listening with great attention to a story, recited to them by a boy in the most animated manner. They seemed equally interested in and delighted with the narrative, which excited from them loud and repeated bursts of laughter; I heartily regretted that my ignorance of the modern Greek prevented me from participating their enjoyment; especially as I could distinguish that the hero of the tale was Achilles, or, as the moderns pronounce his name, *Achillews*.

† The rustic flutes, still in use among the peasants of Zante, are of two sorts. The one, to which I allude in this place, is a simple joint of the large reed which grows commonly in those islands, perforated upon the principle of a flageolet, and open at the end for receiving the breath. The other, though more artificially constructed, is a wretched instrument, in sound not unlike an ordinary bagpipe

Of former joys; and fancy loves to stray
 O'er seas and distant shores, a trackless way!
 With tears unbidden swells my pensive eye,
 And bends its eager gaze on vacancy;
 Or, darting upwards through the fields of light,
 Explores the starry rulers of the night;
 And vainly seeks, among their radiant band,
 To fix the zenith of my native land.

Or, when the Hours their rosy smiles display
 And welcome from the east the rising day,
 I love to climb the mountain's thymy brow
 And trace the landscape in the morning glow
 Pleas'd on Scopò the genial air to breathe
 And mark the varied scene that lies beneath.
 Hard by his foot, where rolls the turbid main,
 Cheri unfolds her wild and marshy plain;
 In prospect such as when the Carian* sage
 Describ'd her wonders in the historic page:

* Cherì is a marshy plain of small extent, situated among craggy and broken rocks, not unlike those that surround the Solfa-

High rugged cliffs the barren spot surround,
 And steams sulphureous issue from the ground;
 And pitchy springs, that quickly seek to hide
 In subterranean course their murky tide;

terra; except that among the crevices are visible a few scattered traces of vegetation, and here and there a solitary *Καζαρίνα*, or locust-tree. The cliffs by which it is inclosed form nearly three-fourths of a circle, and, in continuation of that figure are seen two little rocky islands scarcely a mile from the shore, the whole appearing as if, at some very distant period, the sea had broken in upon the crater of a volcano. The air of this plain is proverbially unhealthy, and the rushes and sedges thinly scattered over the black marshy soil are, towards the root, covered with a pitchy slime. The spring to which travellers are usually conducted, is certainly a great natural curiosity, the bitumen boiling up in large bubbles within a few inches of the surface of the water, which, though visibly tinged with a bituminous oil which floats upon its surface, is soft and not unpleasant to the taste. This well, however, bears no resemblance to the description given by Herodotus; but, at the distance of a quarter of a mile more remote from the shore, we found the remains of a circular wall, exactly corresponding with the dimensions which he has assigned to it. The area was nearly filled with earth, which shook beneath our feet; within its limits, however, are still discernible two or three open springs of much greater depth than that which we first examined: we also distinguished the remains of the trench, in which, according to Herodotus, the pitch was preserved for use, after being taken from the spring; and we further observed, that the same simple instrument was employed for this purpose which he so particularly describes, viz. a bunch of myrtle affixed to the end of a long pole. In calm weather the bituminous oil is discernible by the variety of colours which it reflects upon the surface of the sea, about a furlong from the shore.

Till distant from the shore again they rise
And tinge the billow with their varying dyes.

Far to the south, where pale Corone's height
Recedes in distant vapour from the sight,
Yet not unmark'd by Fancy's piercing eye,
The rugged shores of wild Cythera lie*.

'Twas on those shores, as ancient poets sing,
What time light Zephyrs woo'd the infant Spring,
Immortal Venus rose, in glowing pride,
Bright as the day-star from the swelling tide:
The conscious earth with new-born flow'rets spread
Beneath her lovely guest a fragrant bed;
From the deep bosom of her coral cell
Each Naiad tun'd the soft accordant shell;
Awaken'd Echo did the notes prolong;
While mountain-nymphs and Dryads join'd the song;

* *Hodie Cerigo*.—The reader will, I hope, pardon me, when I confess that I have here made use of the poetic prerogative, "*Oculis quantum contendere Lynceus*."

And pour'd from secret bow'r or haunted cave
 Their tribute to the daughter of the wave.

Here oft, when Cnidos could no more detain
 Her fickle queen, and Paphos sued in vain,
 Forsaking e'en Idalia's dearer shade,
 With partial step the lovely goddess stray'd. [prove
 How strange the choice! that rocks and wilds should
 The favour'd refuge of the Queen of Love.

'Twas here her son first learn'd the ruthless art,
 To mock the wretched victims of his dart.
 Nurtur'd 'mid scenes like these, the savage boy
 Revell'd in transports of ferocious joy,
 As, on the promontory's flinty brow,
 He oft review'd the treasures of his bow,
 And smiling, pointed with malicious care
 The rankling shafts of anguish and despair.

Forsaken isle! around thy barren shore
 Wild tempests howl and wintry surges roar.

Th' Ægean pilot, hence, with cautious heed
 Doubles the cape, and plies with trembling speed
 His westward course; or scuds beneath the land,
 And moors his vessel on the Pylian strand.
 Beside that strand, indignant of controul,
 Where proud Alpheus bids his waters roll,
 And, rushing to the sea with turbid force *,
 Repels the wave that meets his foaming course:
 'Mid groves of olive on Strophadia's † isle
 Mine eye discerns her consecrated pile.

What need those ancient wonders to rehearse
 That live in Ovid's strain or Maro's verse?
 How Calais and Zethes hither drove
 The harpy race, as will'd eternal Jove,

* I have been credibly informed, as a demonstration of the extraordinary force with which the Alpheus rushes to the sea, that the water continues fresh to the distance of nearly a mile from the mouth of the river.

† Now called Strivali, and celebrated for nothing but a monastery of Greek Kaloyeri, founded in the reign of Justinian. These islands are much frequented by the Cacciatori of Zante and Cephalonia about the month of April, on account of the vast flights of turtle doves which annually visit them about that season.

And from Phœnicia's shores their flight pursu'd,
 Till Strophades receiv'd the hellish brood *:
 Or how, in after times, the Trojan host †,
 Wand'ring in search of Latium's destin'd coast,
 With cymbals put to flight the race obscene,
 Unmindful of the bodings of their queen.

Now in the precinct of this lonely spot,
 The world and all its vanities forgot,
 Sequester'd each within his humble cell,
 The cloister'd monk and peaceful hermit dwell.

Deep in the bosom of the rocky shore
 A limpid fountain pours her ample store;
 Here, through the grove when gales autumnal blow
 And tear the leafy honours from its brow,
 The thirsty peasant stands amaz'd to view
 Wild leaves, that once beside Alpheus grew,
 For foliage of such kind Strophadia never knew.

* *Ov. Metam.* 13. v. 709.

† *Æneid.* 3. v. 210.

'Tis said, beneath the ocean's briny tide
 In subterranean * lapse his waters glide,
 And, here emerging, bear from distant glades
 The leafy tribute of their native shades ;
 From aged Planes that, bending o'er the flood,
 Immortal Scillus! crown thy sacred wood,
 And spreading oaks that still o'ershade the plain
 Where, great in ruin, stands Diana's fane.

Thrice hallow'd shades! where Xenophon retir'd,
 His classic labours while the Muse inspir'd;
 The Graces † listen'd as his numbers flow'd,
 And through the nervous strain persuasion glow'd.

* The poets have extended the subterranean and submarine course of the Alpheus to the island of Ortygia near Syracuse :

“ Nomen dixere priores
 Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem
 Occultas egisse vias subter mare; qui nunc
 Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.”

Virg. Æn. Lib. 3, v. 693.

But on whatever ground their assertion may stand, the existence of this phenomenon in the Strophades has been confirmed to me by undoubted authority.

† Quintil. 10. c. 2.

Who can behold Alpheus' sacred tide,
Nor call to mind Olympia's ancient pride?
For many a pile beside his yellow sand
In awful ruin consecrates the strand.
There, deep embosom'd in its hallow'd grove,
Appears the temple of Olympic Jove,
And scatter'd fragments faintly mark the place
Once destin'd for the combat and the race.
Within the limits of yon grassy mound,
That just defines the Stadium's ancient bound,
Assembled Greece beheld, with proud delight,
Their hardy sons prolong the toilsome fight;
Or mark'd their skill, as in the measur'd course
Their nervous arm restrain'd the foaming horse,
And press'd with fervid wheel the sacred way,
Swift as the chariot of the god of day.
Or who so reckless of a glorious name,
So dead to courage and so lost to fame,
Unmov'd that venerable turf can tread,
Nor think he stands before the mighty dead?

For surely still their spirits here remain,
 And fondly linger round the sacred plain:
 Or from their bright empyreal seats on high
 Behold these hallow'd scenes with partial eye;
 The scenes which crown'd with glory's bright reward
 Th' athletic victor and immortal bard.

For oft the bard attun'd his lofty strain,
 To sing the heroes of th' Olympic plain;
 While, as he gave, himself acquir'd renown,
 And shar'd the honours of the sacred crown.
 Nor Poesy alone obtain'd the prize
 Which rais'd the deathless victor to the skies;
 When History * the laurel'd trophy won,
 The Muses triumph'd in their favour'd son.

Rapt in extatic thought, my soul surveys
 The pride of Greece in long-forgotten days;

* In the year 445 before the Christian era, when Herodotus read his history publicly at the Olympic games.

Beyond or space or time pursues her flight,
 And all Elysium rises to her sight.
 See, where, restor'd in all its ancient pride,
 The temple opes its Doric portals wide!
 And, lo! emerging from the distant cloud
 That o'er the altar spreads its awful shroud,
 Like meteors flashing o'er the darken'd skies,
 The glimm'ring shades of Demigods arise!
 Now, gaining on the sense, distinct and slow,
 Like pencill'd forms, the fleeting shadows glow.
 Behold the mighty sage! whose pow'rful mind
 Th' Athenian tribes in social bonds combin'd;
 And him! whose brow inspires reluctant awe,
 The man that founded Sparta's iron law.

Next these in slow succession move along
 The ancient masters of the sacred song:
 He, who the frozen rocks of Thrace could move,
 Or wake to life Dodona's list'ning grove;

Who sung how order rose, and heav'nly light,
 In just succession from the womb of night:
 And he, whose daring strains reveal'd to earth
 The secret tale of each immortal birth,
 Or taught the rustic train beneath what sign
 To turn the soil and prune the spreading vine;
 What stars propitious to their labour rise,
 And which bestows increase, and which denies.

Hark! great Alcæus strikes the Lesbian lyre;
 And Sappho breathes the song of soft desire;
 Anacreon warms his frozen age with wine,
 While rosy braids his silver locks entwine:
 With loftier port and conscious greatness move
 Callimachus *, that hymn'd immortal Jove,

* Callimachus and Theocritus, although not natives of Greece, are of too great eminence and celebrity to be passed over in this enumeration; in which I have been induced to neglect the chronological order of succession, for the purpose of classing the bards according to the nature and style of their respective compositions.

Theocritus, who told in Doric strains
 The loves and labours of Sicilian swains,
 The mighty Theban, whose aspiring Muse
 On eagle wing her dauntless flight pursues,
 The awful bard, whose sacred numbers flow
 In wildest ecstacy of tragic woe,
 Of sad Prometheus tell the endless pain,
 Or sing the horrors of the Theban plain:
 And see! the rival of his later years,
 In pride majestic Sophocles appears;
 And he, whose mournful numbers taught the stage
 Medea's wrongs and Phædra's impious rage.

Led by the Muse's hand, in sightless trance
 I see the chief of Epic song advance:
 A golden fillet binds the locks of snow
 That thinly crown his venerable brow;
 Wildly his hand explores the sacred shell,
 And Nature, trembling, owns the pow'rful spell:
 Around him throng, to catch the soothing strain,
 The brave who fought on Ilion's fatal plain.

Near these, in radiant arms, the heroes stand
 Whose later valour freed their native land:
 Triumphant chiefs and victims of renown
 Whom cypress wreaths, or myrtle chaplets crown!
 Each, on the circle of his batter'd shield,
 Bears the device of some victorious field.
 Behold the dauntless few whose trophies tell
 How at Thermopylæ they nobly fell!
 And those at Marathon who fought and bled,
 Before whose arms the vanquish'd satrap fled!
 Or where Plataea spreads her wat'ry plain!
 Or Salamis repels th' Ægean main!
 And him, the sun of Thebes, whose warlike pride
 Rose with his arm, and perish'd when he died!
 And great Timoleon, freedom's dearest son!
 And the unconquer'd soul of Phocion!

Mark where approaching to the sacred shrine,
 Around whose base eternal laurels twine,
 Th' historic ministers of truth unfold
 The mighty deeds in glory's page enroll'd.

The Carian sage, with energy sublime,
 Unveils the sculptur'd obelisk of time:
 'Twas his to pierce, with more than mortal sight,
 Through ancient darkness and oblivious night,
 Of deeds long-past to trace the secret springs,
 The rise of empires and the fate of kings.
 Nor less illustrious, by the altar's side,
 The boast of Athens and of Greece the pride,
 Thucydides appears; in either hand
 He wields the blood-stain'd sword and flaming brand.
 In awful beauty, o'er his laurell'd brows
 The martial maid her sable ægis throws!
 To him alike reveal'd in all her charms,
 The depths of counsel, and the pride of arms;
 With glowing eloquence she stamps the page
 That consecrates his name to ev'ry age.

Whence bursts this flood of light, before whose ray
 Heaven's azure concave seems to shrink away?
 As if some daring hand aside had thrown
 The mystic veil that shrouds the world unknown,

Bid mortal sense the vast abyss explore,
 And tempt the trackless deep, unbounded by a shore.

Lo! where, enthron'd amidst the rolling spheres,
 His awful front majestic Plato rears.
 Such as of old, on Sunium's rocky side
 Or where Ilissus' sacred waters glide,
 From reason's light he taught the list'ning youth
 Of moral beauty, and eternal truth;
 Or in mysterious symbols half conceal'd
 The secret lore which Memphis had reveal'd.
 Now, clear'd from mortal mists, his eagle sight
 Expatiates freely through the realms of light:
 Inspir'd by truth he sings in bolder strain
 What pow'r combines creation's golden chain;
 How worlds obey the geometric laws
 Establish'd by the great eternal Cause;
 And whence in human breasts immortal glows
 Th' ethereal flame, which heav'n itself bestows:
 Till, rising with its theme, the lofty ode
 Ascends from nature to the throne of God.

Unseen celestial beings hover nigh
And pour their sweet accordant minstrelsy;
Through boundless space the sacred hymn prolong,
And worlds unnumber'd join the choral song.

But cease, my Muse! for not to thee is giv'n
On earth to emulate the songs of heav'n:
No sister thou, but handmaid of the Nine;
And least of all their train, as I of thine.
Immortal themes a master's hand require—
In silence I adore, and trembling drop the lyre.

A 17

POSTSCRIPT.

At the request of some particular friends, the author has been induced to add the following cursory observations on the Romaic or modern Greek language, as it is spoken in the Ionian islands.

The dialect in general use throughout these islands and the adjacent part of the continent of Greece is the Doric; but corrupted by the introduction of a great number of Italian words, and some of Turkish origin, which have, for the most part, been naturalized by the addition of Greek terminations.

The radical words of the modern Greek, in general bear a near affinity to those of the ancient language: and the principal differences between the two are those of pronunciation and inflection.

The first of these is the invariable observance of accent, and disregard of quantity; which, although they may be tolerated in ordinary conversation or in the reading of prose authors, by destroying the melody of rythm, considerably detract from the beauties of Homer and Theocritus, and are still more sensibly felt in the works of the tragedians and lyric poets.

It would be too bold an attempt to determine how far the force of the vowels, diphthongs, and certain of the consonants in the modern system of pronunciation, may correspond with the usage of the classical ages: but the difference between the English and Romaic pronunciation of the Greek may be principally reduced to the following table:

α is pronounced as a in the Italian.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \varepsilon \dots\dots\dots \\ \alpha\iota \dots\dots\dots \\ \eta \dots\dots\dots \end{array} \right\} e \dots\dots\dots$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \iota \dots\dots\dots \\ \upsilon \dots\dots\dots \\ \omicron\iota \dots\dots\dots \\ \varepsilon\iota \dots\dots\dots \end{array} \right\} i \dots\dots\dots$

$\omicron\upsilon \dots\dots\dots$ as u in Italian, or oo in English.

$\omicron, \omega, \dots\dots\dots$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{as } o \text{ without any difference as to the} \\ \text{quantity, and indeed frequently in-} \\ \text{verting it *}. \end{array} \right.$

υ after a vowel becomes a consonant, and is sounded as v ,

* Thus $\Lambda\gamma\theta\zeta\omega\pi\omicron\varsigma$ is pronounced as if written $\Lambda\gamma\theta\zeta\omicron\pi\omega\varsigma$.

which sound is also common to the β ; thus, $\beta\alpha\sigma\iota\lambda\epsilon\upsilon\varsigma$ is pronounced *vasilevs*. χ is a peculiar national letter of a harsh guttural sound, resembling, but somewhat more aspirated than, the German pronunciation of the letter *g*; and

δ has the force of the softened *th*, as in *thee, thou, &c.*

With respect to inflection, the modern Greek seems to be very deficient; and indeed that defect is chiefly supplied, as in other modern languages, by prefixing prepositions to mark the relations of the substantives, and conjunctions to distinguish the moods of the verbs.

In the latter, the aorist is the past tense most commonly used; and the preterite and its derivatives are formed in all the voices respectively, by the auxiliaries $\acute{\epsilon}\chi\epsilon\iota\nu$ and $\acute{\epsilon}\iota\nu\alpha\iota$.

The infinitive is no longer in use, but its place is supplied by $\nu\alpha$ (the contraction of $\iota\nu\alpha$) prefixed to the verb in the subjunctive mood; by a singular anomaly, however, in conversation, the infinitive mood of the verb $\acute{\epsilon}\iota\mu\iota$, is almost the only part used when speaking in the present tense.

Another peculiarity of the modern Greek is the adoption of the indefinite article, in conformity also with the genius of other European languages: $\epsilon\nu\alpha$ in the masculine and $\mu\iota\alpha$ in the feminine serve for all cases without any inflection.

In consequence of these differences, the ear which is accustomed to the English pronunciation of the Greek language seeks in vain for that full, sonorous cadence which early habits have taught us to admire, and finds in its stead an acute, stridulous combination of sounds, which is far from being either agreeable or harmonious; while the mind is disgusted at the barbarous structure of a dialect which confounds the anomalies of ancient and modern grammar.

I do not presume to extend these observations beyond the limits of the Ionian islands; though, from the few opportunities which I have had of listening to the conversation of the Albanian soldiery, I believe that, as far as relates to pronunciation, they may be equally applicable to the people of that district, who are reported, in other respects, to speak the Romaic dialect with a degree of purity much nearer to that of the ancient Greek: while (singular as it may appear) the natives of Attica, though still remarkable for wit and acuteness of intellect, speak a more barbarous jargon than even the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands. Much has been done, since the first connection of the court of St. Petersburg with the Greeks of the continent, towards purifying the Romaic, and reducing it to the form of a regular dialect, and many works in that language have been published at Trieste.

The Legislative Assembly of the Seven Islands had also

decreed, that after ten years no other language should be used in the promulgation of the laws, the public records, pleadings, and process of the courts of justice.

What might have been the effect of this regulation it is impossible to determine; but I am much inclined to suspect, that the improvement of their literature would never have maintained an equal pace with the rapid progress of their political corruption.

THE END.

T. DAVISON, Printer,
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